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# Cure



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## Chapter 1 by Jen Hirt

Well life for the organisms on earth was going pretty nicely for a few billion years, but now its 3008 and last year everybody's life changed. That day, July 7th, was the first part of the apocalypse started. A disease got transported out of a lab in Siberia when a wild lynx attacked some minimum wage U-Haul guy. Well anyways, it turns out that when the lynx got into the briefcase containing that one cylinder of serum, contracted some virus that later began to be called B.U.R.N. because of its effects on the animals faces and organs. B.U.R.N stands for Bacterial Ubiquitin Radiation Nodlctide. Meaning it basically shrinks all organisms brains to the size of a grape, makes your face look like its had chemical radiation damage, makes your body look like an old shriveled kiwi and most importantly it turns you into a killer without knowing it. My problem is that I was bitten but I wasn't turned into a killer, I have all the physical outside effects but on the inside my organs are the right size. This means I am the only one with a cure, in some form.

## Chapter 2 by 20hupj



I duck behind an overgrown garden wary of my attackers. I had been tracked for weeks and now according to my estimations I had only a few more hours before I will be trapped. The rose

bushes foliage cover me, it's tallest branches reaching high to the sky. Ever since the disease was let out civilization went haywire. Hunting and gardening become a forgotten thought, hence

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The only object on me is my back pack and a hand gun in my pocket. Well, I have a dagger strapped to my wrist, but that's meant to be kept a secret. Before the outbreak I was an ordinary adult just out of Uni, now I have to deal with crazed zombie like civilians on a daily basis.

I hear a tremble in the air, the high pitched squeel of a car. Drats! The only group powerful enough to still own a car would be the scientists from Long Way Island. That only meant trouble and a lot more effort required to get away.

Because I was the only one with the cure many groups wanted me for experiments. Study me, then extract the cure and provide it to love ones who where currently out killing people in a zombie like state. By the time they would be done with studying I would probably be dead ( not many people survive being cut open). Not a good option.

A bullet zings passed my head, slicing off part of the rose bush. It seems like my estimation was wrong. They are already here.

### Chapter 3 by olivia m



Running, hiding as fast as I can like the bullet that passed my head, trying not to get killed, trying to keep my cure protected. I know that they are going to try to get it, but it will not be so easy. I slowly rise up from my hiding place- I quickly get back down hoping they do not see me. I hear footsteps- they are getting closer... I rise up with my weapon ready, and it is some girl that approached me. I am trying to figure out what she is doing here standing in front of me.

"Who are you", I say in curiosity

"You do not remember me?"

"I don't think I've ever seen you in my life"

"I.. I am .. your -"

"My daughter?"

"yeah.."

"Wow, I have been searching for you, hoping you were still alive after all this"

"Well here I am just"

"Quick get down", I say

"What is going on?", she says in a trembling voice

"Well it is a long story but I am your daughter? You could be tricking me into getting something that those people out there want. Do you know

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what they want?"

"No, and whatever it is, I probably would not want it, and I am your daughter, I have been looking for you all over."

"Then what is my full name?"

"Um I think it's Ryan Chase?"

"Well yes that is correct, but how do I know you did not search me up?"

"Um well I actually do not have access to the internet, if you can not tell what is going on with the zombie like humans trying to kill everyone."

I am starting to think that this girl is just a decoy or something, but I want to believe she is my daughter. I just do not know how she can prove it to me. Wait, maybe she is a zombie, No she can't be. She would have killed me by now. I slowly rise up from my position signaling the girl to stay down. I don't see the people anymore, I just do not understand why they want my cure? There is probably something better than this stuff.

"Ok so if you are my daughter, or you say you are, then what is your name?"

"My name is Abigail, but I go by Abby, whatever you feel comfortable with."

"Well Abigail, I do not feel comfortable with the whole "I am your daughter and everything". I want to believe you, but I just- I-I don't know if you are just a zombie or after something that those people wanted."

"Well what is it that they are after?"

"Umm well uhhh.... -"

"Come on just tell me please"

I don't know if I should trust her, there are crazy people, and we just met lets say I don't know, about 30 minutes ago. I'll just lie to her, I barely even know her, and it's best for now until I can really prove that she is my daughter.

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